

THE
GRAVE OF HOWARD.

BY W. L. BOWLES.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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GRAVE OF HOWARD.

A POEM.

By W. L. BOWLES.

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Munere

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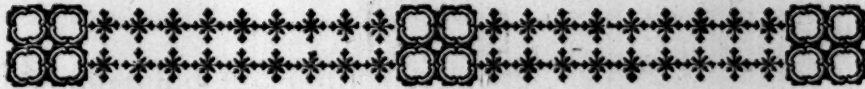
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THE
GRAVE OF HOWARD.
A POEM.

SPIRIT of Death, beneath whose pinions dread
The crouded tents of busy life are spread,
Who darkly speedest on thy destin'd way,
The world thy quarry, and proud man thy prey,
Spirit, behold thy victory—assume
With shade more terrible an ampler plume,

B

For

For he, who calm amidst thy host of woes,
 Went forth thy wildest havoc to oppose;
 For he who wander'd o'er the world alone,
 List'ning to Misery's universal moan;
 He, who sustain'd by Virtue's arm sublime,
 Tended the sick and poor from clime to clime;
 Low in the dust is laid;---thy noblest spoil;
 And Mercy ceases from her awful toil!

'Twas where the pestilence at thy command
 Arose to desolate the sick'ning land,
 When many a mingled cry and dying prayer
 Resounded through the list'ning midnight air,
 When deep dismay heard not the frequent knell,
 And the wan carcase fester'd as it fell,
 'Twas there, with holy Virtue's awful mein,
 Amid the groaning of that direful scene
 Calm he was found: the dews of Death he dried;
 He spoke of solace to the poor that cried;

He

He watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath;
Ere yet the languid sense was lost in Death;
And with that look protecting Angels wear,
Hung o'er the dismal couch of pale Despair!

Friend of mankind, thy righteous task is o'er---
The heart of genuine Pity beats no more---

Around the limits of this rolling sphere,
Where'er the just and good thy Tale shall hear,
A tear shall fall: alone amidst the gloom
Of the still dungeon, his long sorrow's tomb,
The captive, mourning o'er his chain shall bend,
To think the cold earth holds his only friend---
He who with labour draws his wasting breath,
On the forsaken silent bed of Death
Rememb'ring thy last look and anxious eye,
Shall gaze around unvisited, and die!

But

Friend of mankind, farewell---these tears we shed,
 So Nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed,
 Yet we forget not, it was his high will
 Who saw thee Virtue's arduous task fulfil,
 Thy spirit from it's toil at last should rest :---
 So wills thy God, and what he wills is best !

Thou hast encountered dark Disease's train,
 Thou hast convers'd with poverty and pain,
 Thou hast beheld the dreariest forms of woe,
 That through this mournful vale unfriended go,
 And pale with pity oft hast paus'd to hear
 The saddest plaints e'er told to human ear---
 Go then, the task fulfil'd, the trial o'er,
 Where sickness, want, and pain are known no more.

How

How awful did thy lonely track appear
 O'er stormy misery's benighted sphere!
 Barbaric legions train'd to spoil and blood,
 Heart-struck, and wond'ring, and relenting, stood,
 To see thee, shrouded in a human form,
 Alone fair Mercy's great behests perform!

As when an Angel all-serene goes forth
 To still the sweeping tempest of the North,
 Th' embattled clouds that hid the struggling day
 Slow from his face retire in dark array,
 On the black waves, like promontories, hung,
 The radiance of his passing path is flung,
 Till blue and level heaves the burning brine,
 And all the scatter'd rocks at distance shine:
 So didst thou wander forth with cheering eye,
 Bidding the fullen shades of Misery fly,
 Hushing the bitter storm, and stilling wide
 Of human woe the loud-lamenting tide.

Nor

Nor shall the spirit of those deeds expire,
 As fades the feeble spark of vital fire,
 But beam abroad, and cheer with lustre mild
 Humanity's remotest prospects wild,
 Till this frail orb shall from it's sphere be hurl'd;
 Till final ruin hush the murmuring world,
 And all it's sorrows, at the awful blast
 Of the Archangel's trump, be but as shadows past!

Relentless Time, that steals with silent tread,
 Shall tear away the Trophies of the Dead;
 Fame on the Pyramid's aspiring top
 With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
 The feeble Characters of Glory's hand
 Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
 But not with these expire the sacred flame
 Of Virtue, or the Good Man's awful name.

HOWARD,

HOWARD, it matters not, that far away
 From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay.
 Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
 Thy steps were led through many a distant land,
 Thy long and last abode should there be found,
 Where many a savage Nation prowls around,
 That Virtue from the hallow'd spot might rise,
 And pointing to the finish'd sacrifice,
 Teach to the roving Tartar's fullen clan,
 Lessons of love, and higher aims of Man.
 The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
 Pale on thy grave shall drop his slaught'ring spear;
 The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
 To bathe his burning falchion deep in gore,
 O'er gasping heaps to urge his panting steed,
 Or furious to the cry of carnage speed!

Nor

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
 New views of Life, and wider charities.
 Far from the bleak Riphéan mountains hoar,
 From the cold Don, and Wolga's wand'ring shore,
 From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
 From many a dark-descending cataract,
 Succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place
 Where sleeps the general friend of Human Race,
 Instruct their children what a debt they owe,
 Speak of the Man who trod the paths of woe -
 Then bid them to their native woods depart,
 With new-born Virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides,
 In hostile pomp the Turk's proud Navy rides,

Bent

Bent on the frontiers of th' imperial Czar,
 To pour the tempest of vindictive War,
 If onward to those shores they haply steer
 Where, HOWARD, thy cold dust reposes near,
 Whilst o'er the wave the filken pennants stream,
 And seen far-off the golden crescents gleam,
 Amid the pomp of War, the swelling breast
 Shall feel a still unwonted awe impress'd,
 And the relenting Pagan turn aside
 To think, on yonder shore the *Christian* died!

But thou, O Briton, doom'd perhaps to roam
 An exile many a year, and far from home,
 If ever Fortune thy lone footsteps leads
 To the wild Nieper's banks, and whisp'ring reeds,
 What kind'ling views, what painful sympathies,
 What mingled tumults o'er thy heart shall rise!

O'er

O'er HOWARD'S Grave thou shalt impassion'd bend,
 As if to hold sad converse with a friend.
 Whate'er thy fate upon this various scene,
 Where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
 Here shalt thou pause, and shutting from thy heart
 Some vain regrets, that oft unbidden start,
 Think upon him to every lot resign'd,
 Who wept, who toil'd, who perish'd for Mankind.

For me, who musing, HOWARD, on thy fate,
 These pensive strains at evening meditate,
 I thank thee for those lessons thou hast taught,
 To mend my heart, or animate my thought.
 I thank thee, HOWARD, for that awful view
 Of Life which thou hast drawn---most sad---most true!
 Thou art no more---and the frail fading bloom
 Of this poor offering, dies upon thy tomb,

Or

Yet still survive each sympathy, imprest,
By all thy deeds of mercy, on the breast !
So may we not on Life's long journey go
Heedless, or callous to the plaint of Woe.

FINIS.

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